

RANDOLPH COUNTY JOURNAL.

A Family Newspaper, Devoted to Literature, Education, Morality, Temperance, Agriculture, Local and Foreign News, the Arts and Sciences, Politics, Commercial and General Intelligence.

NEW SERIES.

WINCHESTER, RANDOLPH COUNTY, INDIANA: THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1858.

VOL. 1.—NO. 38.

Randolph County Journal

EVERY THURSDAY MORNING
By CLINT D. SMITH,
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

OUR TERMS.
For Twelve Months, in advance, \$1.50
If paid at the end of six months, 1.75
If paid at the end of the year, 2.00
All papers discontinued when the time
subscribed for expires.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

One square 10 lines one insertion, \$1.00
Each additional insertion, .25
Quarter column one year, 25.00
Half " " " " 35.00
One " " " " 55.00
Legal advertisements must be paid
for in advance.
Unless a particular time is specified,
when handed in, advertisements will be pub-
lished until ordered out, and charged for ac-
cordingly.

Business Directory.

TIME TABLE.

Trains running on the Indianapolis, Pittsburg
and Cleveland Railroad passing Win-
chester Station.
Mail Train West, 4:32 P. M.
Night Express West, 3:52 A. M.
Accommodation West, 6:00 A. M.
Mail Train East, 6:58 A. M.
Night Express East, 9:53 A. M.
Stock Express East, 11:00 P. M.
Accommodation East, 7:10 P. M.
J. W. WILLIAMSON, AGENT.

MANION HOUSE,

WM. KIZER, Proprietor.
North East Corner Public Square,
Winchester, Ind.

SILAS COLGROVE,

Attorney & Counselor at Law,
West Public Square, Winchester, Ind.
Will promptly and diligently attend to all
business entrusted to his care.

V. M. BROWN,

Office in Strohm's brick, E. of Court House.
Give special attention to the collection
and security of claims.

W. A. PEELE,

Attorney & Counselor at Law,
Office West of the Public Square.

C. S. & J. B. GOODRICH,

Attorneys at Law,
Office on Franklin St., South Public Square.
Will attend promptly to all business en-
trusted to their care. Strict attention will
be given to the collection and security of
claims.

WM. D. FRAZEE,

Attorney at Law & Notary Public.
Will give special attention to the col-
lection of all claims entrusted to him, taking
depositions, acknowledgments of deeds, &c.
Office, West side Public Square,
Winchester, Ind.

W. P. FISHBACK,

Attorney at Law and Notary Public.
Office No. 70 E. Washington St.,
E. of Odd Fellows' Hall, Indianapolis, Ind.

DR. D. FERGUSON,

Office at his old stand, cor. Main & South St.
Where he may at all times be found un-
der professional engagement.

J. E. BEVERLY,

Physician and Surgeon,
Drug Store building, rear of Journal Office.

ROUTH & BROTHER,

Retail Merchants,
Cor. Main & Franklin Sts., Winchester, Ind.

W. B. PIERCE,

Druggist,
East Public Square, under Journal Office.

CARTER & CRAIG,

CARRIAGE & BOGGY MANUFACTURERS,
On Franklin St., south side, west Meridian.

THOS. WARD,

SADDLE AND HARNESS MANUFACTURERS,
Shop North Public Square, Winchester, Ind.

THOMAS L. SCOTT,

MANUFACTURER OF SADDLES AND HARNESS,
Shop East side of the Public Square,
Winchester, Ind.

MARKET STREET HOUSE,

JOHN MUMMA, Proprietor.
Corner Market and 2nd Streets,
Des Moines, Iowa.

SEARL HOUSE,

ALLEN WALL, Proprietor.
Deerfield, Indiana.

UNITED STATES HOTEL,

W. ARNOLD & Co., Proprietors.
SOUTH WEST CORNER OF
Sixth and Walnut Streets,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

PHILLIPS HOUSE,

J. R. HUBBELL, Proprietor.
Re-opened September 1, 1857.

DRAY NO. 1.

T. W. KIZER, respect-
fully tenders the citizens of
Winchester his acknowledgments for their
former liberal patronage, and asks for a con-
tinuance of the same. He can always be
found "round about town" with one of his
vehicles, or at his residence, on Main Street,
North of the railroad. [dec 31]

L. O. O. F. Meets every Thursday evening

at 9 o'clock, at their new Hall, on the
Public Square.

WINCHESTER LODGE NO. 36, of

Free and Accepted Masons, meets every Sat-
urday evening preceding each full moon, and
if the moon falls on Saturday, then on
the following Sunday.

L. O. O. F. of Winchester, meets

every Monday evening of each week at their
Hall, on the corner of Main and Washington
Streets.

RANDOLPH DIVISION NO. 26,

Sons of Temperance of Winchester, meets
every Tuesday evening of each week at
the Temperance Hall, on the corner of Main
and Washington Streets.

JOHN FISHBACK,

CASH DEALER IN
HIDES, OILS,
AND LEATHER,
Corner Meridian and Maryland Streets,
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
Manufactures a superior article of Skirting
Special attention paid to filling orders.
July 1

Light, More Light!

I have made arrangements with the Pro-
prietors of Knapp's Patent Coal Oil
Lamps, and will have constantly on hand a
supply of all kinds. These lamps are per-
fectly safe, it being impossible for the oil to
explode, free from smoke or unpleasant odor
while burning, and by actual experiment
consume only one cent's worth of Oil an
hour. They may be seen at all times at my
Drug Store, where I shall be happy to show
to all who may wish to purchase.
April 1st, '58.
W. B. PIERCE

DENTISTRY

H. W. FOSDICK,

RESPECTFULLY announces to the
Ladies and Gentlemen of Winchester
and vicinity, that he has located in the place
and opened an Office in Monks' building,
over Hatt's Store, on Franklin street,
where he may be consulted for all opera-
tions on the Teeth, such as Cleaning,
Filling and Extracting. Also, inserting Ar-
tificial Teeth on Gold, Silver, Platin or
Gutta Percha, in any number required from
one to an entire set, complete, in the most
approved style. Correcting irregularities in
Children's teeth. Particular attention will
be paid to all diseases of the mouth. All
operations warranted. Chloroform adminis-
tered when necessary. Examinations and
advice given free of charge. Mr. Fosdick
will call at private residences by request.
Having had some ten years' practice in Den-
tistry, he feels confident in assuring the
public that he is enabled to give entire sat-
isfaction in all respects. [dec 31, 1858.]
N. B.—Office hours from 8 o'clock A. M.
to 4 o'clock P. M. of each day.

MEDICAL NOTICE.

Dr. L. C. McGINNIS,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Office and residence in the house formerly
occupied by Dr. Cassin. feb 18.

PALMER HOUSE,

J. D. CARMICHAEL, Proprietor.
Cor. Washington and Illinois Sts.,
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
Fare reduced to \$1.50 per day.

Real Estate Agency.

ASALEK STONE,

Winchester, Randolph County, Indiana.
OFFERS for sale over THREE THOU-
SAND ACRES OF LAND in Randolph
and Jay Counties, Ind., some of it fine im-
proved farms. And improved and unim-
proved Town Lots in Winchester, Maxwell
Huntsville, and Camden, on accommodating
terms. [dec 31]

Livery Stable

In Winchester, Ind.

The undersigned has bought out the Sta-
ble formerly occupied
by H. L. Green, hopes, by strict attention
to business, to merit a continuance of the
patronage heretofore extended to the stable.
I am prepared at all times to accommo-
date the traveling community with a safe, speedy,
and comfortable conveyance to almost any
place except California, and upon reason-
able terms as any establishment of the kind
this side of any where.

LAF. STEELLE, Proprietor.

LUMBER! LUMBER!

The undersigned keeps constantly on
hand and will saw to order
All kinds of Lumber,
which he will deliver in Winchester and
vicinity on as reasonable terms as any Mill
in the county.

For Friends, send on your orders. I have
a large lot of Poplar logs on hand.
dec 31, '58
B. F. BUNDY.

WILLIAM JONES,

MANUFACTURER OF
Saddles & Harness,
Huntsville, Indiana.

He keeps constantly on hand a large as-
sortment of Saddles, Harness, Bridles,
and everything in the line of business.
He warrants the workmanship to be perfect,
and the material good. His prices are "low
as the lowest." Call and examine his stock.
Huntsville, Ind., 1857.

C. T. MOREA & CO.

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
HATS, CAPS, FURS,
AND
STRAW GOODS,
No. 6 East Third St., Dayton, O.
dec 31, '58—ly pl.

KNESLEY, MITCHELL & CO.

Wholesale Grocers!
No. 33 Third Street,
Between Main and Jefferson,
DAYTON, O.

TO DEALERS

BOOKS AND STATIONERY

Indiana's Wholesale
BOOK AND PAPER HOUSE
We would call special attention to
our stock of Books and Stationery, and
to say to those wishing to buy to sell
again, that we will duplicate any bill of
Books purchased in the West.

STEWART & BOWEN,
Indianapolis, Ind.

G. F. HALL,

SEAL ENGRAVER,
No. 11 West Fourth Street,
CINCINNATI, O.

Job Department.

Having facilities equal to any establishment
in this section of the country, we are pre-
pared to execute all kinds of
Plain and Ornamental Job Work,
such as
Posters, Programmes, Cards,
Bill Heads, Labels, Blanks,
Receipts, etc. etc. etc.

BUY YOUR TREES

AT HOME.
THE undersigned will be able
to furnish a few thousand
Standard Apple, Quince and Cherry
Trees of the best kinds of fruit
the coming Spring; also various
kinds of Evergreens, Currants, Raspberries,
Blackberries (new kinds), and Grapes,
at his nursery near the depot. Also Sweet
Potato Sprouts.
dec 31, '57.
A. STONE.

DR. GEO. O. JOES,

Physician and Surgeon,
Office East part of town,
Huntsville, Ind.

YOUNG & POMEROY,

Importers and wholesale dealers in
FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC
HARDWARE,
No. 15 Pearl Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

B

RASS Porcelain and Sugar Kettles, at
THOS. WARD'S.

Lesrais du Cygne.

The following spirited poem, published in
the September number of the Atlantic
Monthly, is evidently from the pen of Wuer-
rizer. It will be remembered by the reader
that the massacre of unarmed and unoffend-
ing freemen in Southern Kansas took place
near the Marais du Cygne of the French
suyveres:
A bunch of roses,
Where rose never grew!
Great drops on the bunch-grass,
But not of the dew!
A taint in the sweet air
For wild bees to haunt.
A stain that shall never
Beach out in the sun!

Back, steel of the prairie!

Sweet song-bird, fly back!
Wheel hither, bald vulture!
Gray wolf, call thy pack!
The foul human vultures
Have feasted and fled;
The wolves of the Border
Have crept from the dead.

From the hearts of their cabins,
The fields of their corn,
Unwarmed and unwept,
The victims were torn.
By the whirlwind of murder
Swooped up and swept on
To the low, reedy fen lands,
The Marais of the Swan.

With a vain plea for mercy
No stout knee was crooked;
Yet warm with their lives,
The blades of the rifles
Right merrily looked,
How pale the May sunshine,
Green Marais du Cygne,
When the death-smoke blew over
Thy lonely ravine!

In the homes of their rearings,
Yet warm with their lives,
Ye wait the dead only
Put out the red forge fire,
The midnight shall not come;
Unyoke the brown oxen,
The ploughman lies dumb.

Wind slow from the Swan's Marsh,
O dreary death train,
With pressed lips as bloodless
As lips of the slain!
Kiss down the young eyelids,
Smooth down the gray hairs;
Let the tears quench the curses
That burn through your prayers.

Strong man of the prairies
Mourn bitter and wild,
Mourn desolate woman!
Weep, fatherless child!
But the grain of God springs up
From ashes beneath,
And the crown of his harvest
Is life out of death.

Not in vain on the dial
The clock moves along
To point the great contrasts
Of right and of wrong:
Free bones and free alters,
And fields of ripe gold;
The reeds of the Swan's Marsh,
Whose blossom is of blood.

On the latels of Kansas
The blood shall all not dry;
Henceforth the Bad Angel
Shall go harmless by;
Henceforth to the sunset,
Unchecked on her way,
Shall Liberty follow
The march of the day.

Moral Effects of Protracted Degre-

ation.
Long periods of general suffering
make far less impression on our minds
than the short, sharp struggle in which
a few distinguished individuals perish.
Not that we overestimate the horror
and the guilt of open blood-shedding,
but we are much too patient of the
greater misery and the greater sin of
periods of quiet legalized oppression;
of that most deadly of all evils, when
law, and even religion itself, are false
to their divine origin and purpose, and
their voice is no longer the voice of
God, but of His enemy. In such
cases the evil derives advantage, in a
manner, from the very amount of its
own enormity. No pen can record,
no volume can contain, the details of
the daily and hourly suffering of a
whole people, endured without interrup-
tion, through the whole life of man,
from the cradle to the grave. The
mind itself can scarcely comprehend
the wide range of the mischief; how
constant poverty and insult, long en-
dured as the natural portion of a de-
graded caste, bear with them to the
sufferers something worse than pain,
whether of the body or the feelings;
how they dull the understandings and
poison the morals; how ignorance and
ill treatment combined are the parents
of universal cowardice: how from op-
pression is produced cowardice, break-
ing out when occasion offers into mer-
ciless cruelty; how Slaves become nat-
urally liars; how they, whose condi-
tion denies all noble enjoyments, and
to whom looking forward is only dis-
pair, plunge themselves with a brute's
recklessness, into the lowest sensual
pleasures; how the domestic circle it-
self, the last sanctuary of human vir-
tue, becomes at length corrupted, and
in the place of natural affection and
parental care, there is to be seen only
selfishness and unkindness, and no other
anxiety on the part of the parents
for their children than that they may,
by fraud or by violence, prey in their
turn upon that society which they
have found their bitterest enemy.—
Evils like these, long working in the
heart of a nation, render their own
course impossible: a revolution may ex-
ecute judgment in our generation, and
that perhaps the very one which was
beginning to see and to repent of its
inherited sins; but it can not restore
life to the morally dead; and its ill
success, as if in this line no worse
should be wanting, is pleaded by those
oppressors as a defence of their own
iniquity, and a reason for perpetuating
it forever.—Dr. Thomas Arnold.

Wm. Gratt, at Warham, Va.,
has been sentenced to six months' im-
prisonment at hard labor, for
kissing a young lady against her
will.

The Vase of Water.

Mary. Look, Charles, the outside
of this vase is covered with little drops
of water. I wonder what causes it.

Charles. O, it is because the vase
has been dipped in the water, and the
drops stand on it, of course.

Emma. That can not be, for I
poured the water in myself when I
arranged the flowers, and it was
perfectly dry then. But how curious
it is!—the little drops are just like
perspiration. This is what old Mrs.
Hall means by saying the tumbler
sweats, and she says it is a sign of
rain.

Mary. I remember hearing her
say so, and when Julia asked her the
reason of it, she said it was the
weather. Mr. Hall said the air press-
ing on the water causes it to come
through the pores of the glass.

Emma. I do not think that is the
reason; for last Monday, when the
wind blew so hard, and the rain beat
against the windows, you know father
was afraid they would be broken in,
and he said he did not think glass
would stand such a pressure, and yet
the water did not come through.

Charles. Let us go and ask mother
the reason. She always tells us every-
thing we ask her.

Mary. No, not always; for yester-
day, you know, we asked her to find
the Dead Sea for us, and she told
us we must find it, then we should
remember where it is.

Charles. Yes; and she said we
must learn to examine for ourselves,
and not depend too much on others.—
It is pleasant, to be sure, to find out
things ourselves; but then it is so
much trouble.

Emma. Trouble, brother Charles,
trouble! I hope you do not call that a
trouble. Come, let us try some
experiments. Here are some tumblers,
now we will fill one with water, and
while we wait for the little drops on
the outside, we will look at our
drawings.

Charles. There, it has been ten
minutes, and there is no water on the
tumbler. Where did you get this
water, Emma?

Emma. From the pail by the door;
but let us get some fresh from the pump,
and try it again. Never give up, as
mother says.

Mary. Five minutes! Look, there
is the water on the outside of the one
filled last, but there is none on the
first tumbler. Now, what is the
reason of this?

Emma. O! I have observed a fact,
as our teacher would say. When we
put very cold water into the tumbler,
we see the moisture, but when the
water is warm, like that from the pail
which stood in the sun, the drops do
not appear on the tumbler.

Mary. You are an observing little
body, Emma, and now can you tell
why it is so?

Emma. No, sister, I can not.
But here comes mother; she will tell
us, I am sure.

Mother. My children, I have over-
heard your conversation, and am much
pleased to hear you inquire into the
reasons of things in this way. And
now, as my little Emma has used her
observing powers to such good advan-
tage, let her employ her reflecting
faculties, and think what becomes of
all the water which falls in rain.

Charles. It dries up, mother, does
it not?

Emma. It evaporates, and forms
clouds again, mother?

Mary. Yes; and the clouds fall
again in rain, and it evaporates on
turns to vapor again; and so on and so
the time.

Mother. You have answered very
well; but Charles will please remember
"it dries up" is not a very expressive
phrase. This vapor is constantly
rising in particles so minute that we
can not perceive them, and it is this
which settles on the tumbler when
your poor cold water into it. The heat
or temperature of the water being less
than that of the air, the vapor is
cooled, and made to assume the form
of water. Similar to this is steam,
which is condensed by coming in
contact with a cold vessel. I think
you understand me; and now for the
warm water in the tumbler. The
temperature of this was nearly the
same as that of the air; so the vapor
was not condensed, of course.

Emma. I understand you; mother;
for steam would always be steam if it
was kept heated, but when the heat is
taken away it becomes water.

Mother. So the warm water, keep-
ing the vapor warm, prevents it from
being condensed; while the cold water,
by taking the heat from the vapor,
causes it to form in drops on the
vessel. So with the windows. When
there is much moisture in the room,
and the air on the outside is colder
than that inside, you see the particles
on the window in little drops; and in
very cold weather they make the beau-
tiful frostwork you so much admire.

Mary. Now, mother, tell us why

this is a sign of rain.
Mother. When this occurs, it is an
evidence that there is much vapor in
the air; and this fact is sufficient of
itself to show us that rain will soon
follow. Learn from this to observe
facts, as Emma says; and though you
may not at the time understand them,
keep them for future explanation.—
Sargent's School Monthly.

[From the N. H. Journal of Education.]
Home and School.

BY M. C. STEBBINS.

That beautiful rose-plant which re-
wards your care and watchfulness by
the cheerfulness and fragrance that it
imparts, arraying itself, each month,
with new blossoms, owes its thrift,
not merely to the hours in which you
are tending, watering and pruning it.
The healthful, vigorous growth of that
shrub, its rich mantle of green, and its
self-renewing beauty, are largely de-
pendent upon the numerous conditions
which make up the habitude of its ex-
istence, its continued life. There
must be mellow earth enough, around
and beneath its roots, to absorb into
retentive pores the moisture which you
bestow only once or twice in the course
of a day; this supply of liquid must be
gradually and continuously imparted
that there may be no sudden interrup-
tion of drenching and drought. The
surrounding atmosphere, too, must be
secured against the extremes of tem-
perature. Unless you were able to de-
pend upon the proper production of
these essential conditions, when your
own attention could not be devoted to
it, you would have very little expecta-
tion that the plant would long contin-
ue to thrive. The attention and labor
which you are required to bestow, sus-
tain to the rose-plant, a relation very
similar to that which the efforts of a
teacher in a public school bear to the
success, the healthful improvement of
each one of his pupils; while the influ-
ences which surround them at home
are the conditions and elements of the
soil, and the temperature of the en-
veloping air. For this reason, a faithful
teacher often labors, week in and week
out, month after month, over scholars
who are not deficient in natural abili-
ties, and yet is unable to discern any
evidence of progress, unless he resorts
to some special contrivances for meas-
uring exceedingly small distances. It
is as if one should carefully watch and
nurture the tender house plant, for six
hours of the day, while another, dur-
ing the remaining eighteen, should expose
it, unprotected, to the untempered
winds and frosts. A teacher may
work never so faithfully, and interest
himself never so zealously, and, at the
end of a term, be able to gather no
more gratifying recompense for his
special toil and zeal than the irresisti-
ble conviction, that, all this time, he
has been pouring water into a sieve, or
putting coins into a bag with holes.

This is not an extravagant representa-
tion of the controlling effect of home
influences upon the success of a schol-
ar. But, when such results are ob-
servable, it would be unjust, in many
instances, to infer that the parents are,
at heart, indifferent respecting the im-
provement of their children; it is be-
cause they do not enough interest them-
selves in the matter; do not take time
and bestow thought enough to occasion
the truth to gain a convincing hold
upon their minds, and, with clearness,
reveal to them their own position of
influence and necessary responsibility.
Such parents scarcely have a better
reason to expect that their children
will make commendable progress at
school, than the farmer has to suppose
that his corn will be unmoistened, when
it is growing, unweeded and unguarded,
by the road-side where cattle are fre-
quently wandering.

Some of the Causes of Licensa-

tion.
The great evil of Paris is that there
is no such institution there as Home;
as a general fact, that sanctifier of the
heart—that best shelter and friend of
woman—that beautiful feeling called
"Home"—does not exist. The near-
est approach to this deplorable state
of things is found among the business
people of the United States. I have
noticed this particularly in New York,
where the man is never at home, ex-
cept to sleep, and even then his brain
is so racked, that he brings no fond
affection to his family. The husband's
brain is a ledger, and his heart a count-
ing-room or work-shop. And this is
as true in New York as in Paris. In-
deed, as for intrigues, New York may
almost rival Paris. There is no coun-
try where the women are more fond of
dress and finery than the United States,
and history shows us that there is no
such depraver of women as this vanity.
A hundred women stumble over that
block of vanity where one falls by any
other cause; and if the insane mania
for dress and show does not end in a
general decay of female morals, then
the lessons of history and the experi-
ence of all ages must go for naught.

The Inspiration of the Past.

BY GEO. W. GROWELL.

'Tis well to look along the past,
To mark the progress of the rights;
To feel the deep and earnest strife;
To see each bold reformer's fall,
And hear each burning word of truth,
Which fell like lightning from the skies,
To fire the heart of age and youth.

'Tis well to call again to mind
The names of those immortal few,
Who reared the banners of reform,
And fought with courage, strong and true,
Who formed the van-guard of the race,
And led the armies of the blest,
Though far behind they heard their tread,
As still their columns onward pressed.

'Tis well to court each upward step,
From error's dark and fearful reign,
To see the giant sweep of thoughts,
On reason's high, exalted plains,
To feel the deep and tidal wave,
Which rolls along the human sea,
That beats upon its crestred front,
The hopes of nations, yet to be.

To hear the music of the heart,
From out the ceaseless whirl of life,
Which tells a brother's manly heart
Is battling on amid the strife;
To feel the crimson rising flood,
That sweeps through artery, heart and vein,
It snaps the trembling links of fear,
And makes a